

*A good ingenious [1] story to ridicule that of y^r
cure d^r by y^r Duke in the w^rld.*

**A true and wonderful Account of a CURE of the
KINGS-EVIL, by Mrs. Fanshaw, Sister to his
Grace the Duke of Monmouth.**

22 Jan. 1684:

THE extraordinary Cure of the *Kings-Evil*, lately perform'd by his Grace the Duke of Monmouth, in his Western Progrefs, has no doubt alarm'd many people, and open'd the eyes of the most unbelieving, to see Heaven by this Miracle proclaim his Legitimacy, and God Almighty himself declare for *The Black Box*. Neither has there been wanting a second Testimony to this Illustrious Duke's Family, in an instance of a Cure both as strange and as true as the former, that so according to the Apostle, *Out of the mouth of two or three witnesses every word might be established*. Mrs. Fanshaw, Sister to this most Excellent Prince, formerly a *Roman Catholick*, but since by the convincing Arguments, and exemplary Piety of her Husband Mr. Fanshaw, Master of the Requests, brought over to his Religion, I mean the true sincere *Protestant Faith*, has been as remarkable in a wonderful Cure of the same malignant distemper, as the Duke her Brother; the Truth of which whole matter of Fact, we whose Names are underwritten engage our selves to be responsible for. Now the matter of Fact is thus: One *Jonathan Trott* was born of poor, but virtuous Parents; his Father was dead, but his Mother that surviv'd, by the blessing of God accompanying her honest endeavours, had got together a sum of Money very considerable for the Trade she drove, her chief vocation being selling of Apples and Pears, and Oranges and other Fruit, not far from *Covent-Garden* Church-door; the intervals of which Calling she still employ'd in being very busie with her Needle in footing Stockins, mending Breeches, and such like honest labours. But her greatest affliction was the sad spectacle of the poor wretch her only Son and Heir, the aforementioned *Jonathan Trott*, who had for many years been sore afflicted with a continual Running of a most noysom Matter in his Neck, and many other parts of his Body, accompanied often with so great Tumours and Swellings about his Throat, as almost choak'd him. Upon this Son of hers, now about the age of 19. she had spent the greatest part of her Livelihood, to pitiful, quacking, ignorant Physicians, such as her Purse could best procure, and such as kill the Poor at the most easie and conſionable rates: These her Doctors could never rightly inform her, what was her Son's true distemper, till at last she her self suspecting it was the *Kings-Evil*, had the advice of some able Physicians, two whereof were Dr. *Lower* and Dr. *Minfell*, who all agreed that it was the *Kings-Evil*, and that he was in very great danger, unless he were very speedily Touch'd. This happen'd to be when His Majesty was laſt at *Windsor*, whither she (good woman) was designing her Journey, with her Son: But the Night before she resolv'd on her progreſs, she dreamt that she heard a Voice that commanded her Son to be Touch'd by Mrs. *Fanshaw*. The poor woman, you may imagine, was infinitely surpriz'd at this command, never having so much as heard of such a woman as Mrs. *Fanshaw* in her life; but she was much more astonish'd when her Son came to her, and told her, that he was resolv'd not to take any Journey to *Windsor*, for that he had heard a Voice that Night three times successively, (which by the description he gave of it, was the very ſame that his Mother had heard, and commanded the ſame thing) telling him, that one Touch of Mrs. *Fanshaw* would make him whole. Upon this the poor woman acquainted several of her Neighbours with the unusual circumstances of her Dream, ſo exactly concurring with her Son's, and by them was inform'd, that there was ſuch a Lady, Sister to his Grace the Duke of *Monmouth*, whom they therefore all concluded to be the person intended in the Dream, by reaſon of her near Relation to his Grace, and the Crown. The youth *Jonathan* hearing this, was extreme glad, and shew'd violent signs of it, in urging and pressing his Mother as vigorously,

gorously as ever he could, to procure her leave, who at first was very unwilling to let him go upon this Adventure. He still insisted upon one Argument, which even in affliction made the poor woman smile, That (having heard of the Duke of Monmouth's Cure, which was known long before it was publish'd,) he did not know why Mrs. *Fanshaw* might not receive from her Mother the curing of the ills of young men by a touch of her Naked flesh, as well as the Duke her Brother had from his Father the curing of young women by a touch of his. However his Mother having check'd him for this saying, was resolv'd to send him: Accordingly he went to Mrs. *Fanshaw's* House, near St. James's, and having desir'd admission, as soon as ever Mrs. *Fanshaw* appear'd, falls down upon his knees before her, begging pardon for his boldness, the occasion whereof he told her in the relation which he made of all that had happen'd to his Mother and himself: Then grasping her hands with all the violence and passion imaginable, kiss'd them a thousand times, and directed 'em (for the Lady was not so uncharitable as to deny it upon such an account) to his Neck, and his Throat, and all the other parts of his Body wherein he was afflicted, which she vouchsafed to stroke, wishing withall that it might do him as much good as he believed it would. This done, she left him, and the Youth went home very well satisfy'd with the hopes of his being speedily cur'd, as accordingly it succeeded: For within three days time his Running ceased, and in a weeks time the Swelling in his Throat was not only abated, but perfectly and entirely cur'd: And Mrs. *Fanshaw* by many of this persons Neighbours and Acquaintance, and most of the Apple-women, is to this day call'd *Princess Fanshaw*.

Now it is well known that this Gift of Healing was first imparted to King *Edward the Confessor*, a good King tho' a Popish Saint, to descend upon his legitimate Successors. And if none of them ever exercis'd it before they came to the Crown till now, we must either say, that they had it, but forbore the use of it, or else we must admire the excellency of the Advantages that *Protestant* Princes and Princesses have above those formerly that were *Papists*; since *Protestants*, tho' two or three removes from the Crown, can do as much with a touch, as *Edward the Confessor*, when he was not only a King but a Saint. And now who is there that can question the Legitimacy of our excellent Prince *James Duke of Monmouth*, when this remarkable Witness that Heaven hath given him and his Sister of curing the *Kings-Evil*, pleads so loudly in his behalf? There is but one other natural Argument to prove the Legitimacy of a Prince, and his being the true and right Successor, and that is the Instinct by which Lions are taught to reverence and to do them homage, without ever hurting them. And this too I am told his Grace does design to shew the World in his own behalf: for it is credibly reported, that on Saturday next the Duke of *Monmouth* designs to be shut up with one of the greatest Lions in the Tower of *London*, there to be seen, to the satisfaction of all that behold how secure he must needs be of his Legitimacy, that dares put it to so dangerous a tryal. Sir *Tho. Armstrong* and *John Howe Esq;* have proffer'd their service to attend in the next empty Den, in quality of Bed-chamber-men to his Grace, and the Lord *Shaftsbury*, Lord *Essex*, Lord *Grey*, and several other noble Peers, have engag'd to accompany him to the place of Tryal. For my part, I wish for the day, not at all doubting but to see old *Charles*, the King's Lion, give him his blessing, by laying his imperial Paw upon his Head, in which all Lions have we know by nature stamp't the Image of a Crown. This I will answer for the Lion, that if he don't declare a true Successor, yet he will shew another sort of Royalty, and remove one of the worst sorts of the *Kings-Evil*.

The persons abovementioned for witnesses of this extraordinary Cure, are we whose Names are subscribed:

Brandon Lord Gerard.

Colonel Langley.

Mr. Rowe.

Sir Gilbert Gerard.

Thomas Vernon Esq;

Mrs. Needham.